

A Glee.

A. 3. Voc. Theorbo and Bass.

Ly Boy, My Boy to the Cellars borome, view well your Quills and
 Fly Boy to the Cellars borome, view well your Quills and

Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; nor Rascally Wine, to Rot um,
 Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; nor Rascally Wine, to Rot um,

If the Quills run soule, be a truely Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an'
 If the Quills run soule, be a truely Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an'

ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it. Mr. Simon Frest.

ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Here Endeth the Second Part of this Book;
 being *Dialogues* and *Glees* for two Voices,
 to the *Theorbo-Lute*, or *Bass-Viol*.

THIRD BOOK,

CONTAINING

Short *ATRES* or *BALADS* for Three Voyces:

Which may be sung either by a Voyce alone, or by Two or Three Voyces.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.

With no more thou shouldst love me, my joys are full in loving thee;
 my Heart's too narrow to contain my blis, if thou shouldst love again,

too narrow to contain my blis, if thou shouldst love again.

With no more thou shouldst love me, my joys are full in loving thee; my Hearts

I

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.

With no more thou shouldst love me, my joys are full in loving thee; my Hearts
 too narrow to contain my blis, if thou shouldst love again.

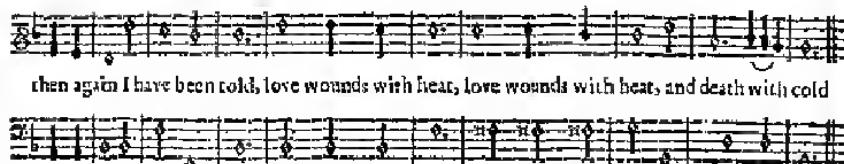
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Nicholas Lantheare.

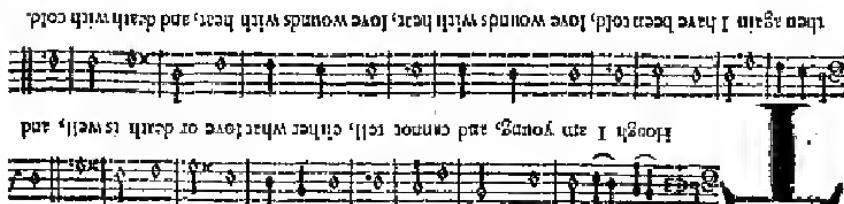


Hough I am young and cannot tell, either what love or death is well; and



then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold

Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aim at humaine hearts;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extreame to touch, and mean one thing.



Hough I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold

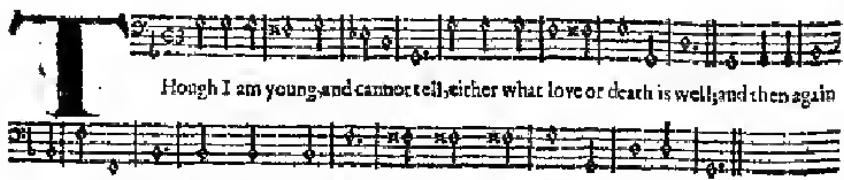
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Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



Hough I am young and cannot tell, either what love or death is well; and then again

I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold,

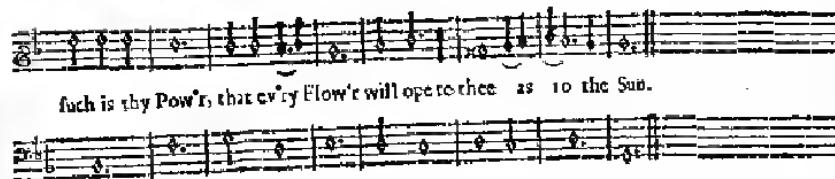
A. 3. Voc.

Chloris taking the Ayre.

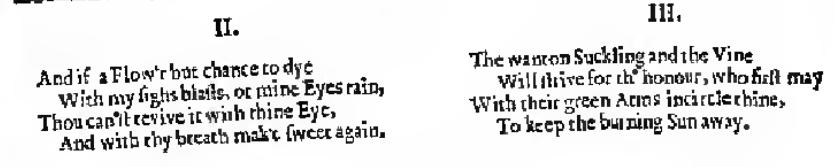
Mr. Henry Lawes.



Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to spott us ere the day be done;



Such is thy Pow'r, that evry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.

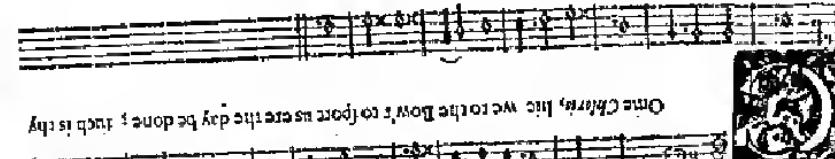


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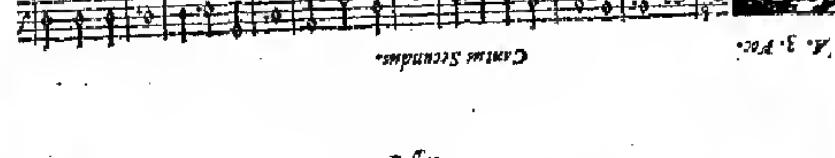
And if a Flow'r but chance to dye
With my fighs blaste, or paine Eyes rain,
Thou canst revive it with thine Eye,
And with thy breath make sweet again.

The wanton Suckling and the Vine
Will strive for th' honour, who first may
With their green Arms incircle thine,
To keep the burning Sun away.

Power that evry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun,

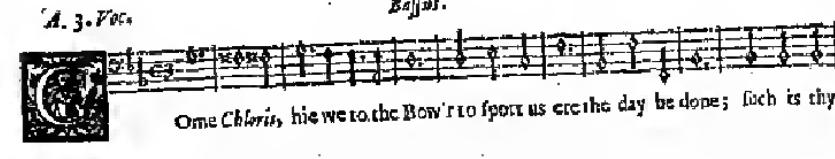


Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to spott us ere the day be done; such is thy

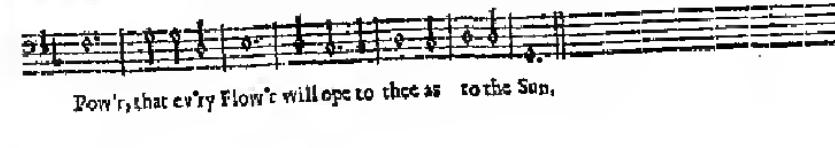


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.



Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to spott us ere the day be done; such is thy

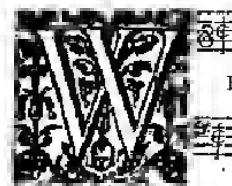


Power, that evry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun,

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Hen *Troy* Town for ten years Wars with flood the *Greeks* in manful wife,

yet did their Foes increase so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Wals that
were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy* Town stood,

where so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy* Town stood.

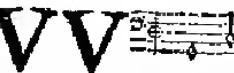
yet did their Foes increase so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Wals that
were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy* Town stood.



Cantus Secondus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



Hen *Troy* Town for ten years Wars, with flood the *Greeks* in manful wife

yet did their Foes increase so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Wals that
were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy* Town stood.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Rom the fair *Leyden* Shore, I your Markers come to store,
Muse not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell.

Such is the sacred hunger of Gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye
buy, for here it is to be sold.

I have Beauty, Honour, Grace,
Fortune, Favour, Time, and Place;

And what else thou wouldest requey,
Even the Thing thou likest best,
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,
Then come to the Lad,
Thou shalt have what thy Dad
Never gave, for here it is to be sold.

Maddam, come see what you lack,
Here's Complexion in my Pack;
White and Red you may have in this place,
To hide your old ill wrinkled Face;
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,
Then thou shalt seem
Like a Wench of Fifteen,
Although thou be three score Years old.

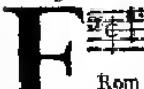
gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye buy, for here it is to be sold.

Rom the fair *Leyden* Shore, I your Markers come to store,
Muse not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred hunger of

gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye buy, for here it is to be sold.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



Rom the fair *Leyden* Shore, I your Markers come to store,
Muse not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred hunger of

gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry, What d' ye lack, what d' ye buy? For here it is to be sold.

B b

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.

VHere the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I couch when *Owls* do crie, on the *Bans* back I do lie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie
that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough. *Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough,*
under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
Owls do crie, on the *Bans* back I do lie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie that I live now
suck the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I couch when
ΛΛ

A. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

VVHere the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I couch when
Owls do crie, on the *Bans* back I do lie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie that I live now
under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.

VHen Love with unconfin'd wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine
Abbes brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd
with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.
With her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.
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Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.

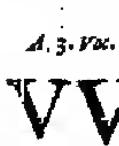


Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslip's bell I lie, there I cowch when Doves do cry, on the Bough back I do lie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shall I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough, *privy merrily that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough*. Merrilie merrilie shall I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough, Merrilie merrilie shall I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shall I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough, Merrilie merrilie shall I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslip's bell I lie, there I cowch when Doves do cry, on the Bough back I do lie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shall I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough, Merrilie merrilie shall I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough, Merrilie merrilie shall I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Dr. John Wilson.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Hen Love with uncon-fi-ned wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-
bion brings to whisper at my Gates. When I lie tan-gled in her Hair, and fetter'd
with her Eye, the Birds that wan-ton in the Air know no such liberty.

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hen Love with uncon-fin-ed wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-
bion brings to whisper at my Gates. When I lie tan-gled in her Hair, and fetter'd with her
Eye, the Birds that wan-ton in the Air know no such liberty.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.

Do not fear to put thy feet naked in the Ri-ver sweet, think not Neat, nor
Leech, nor Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters, rising high, nor let the
water, rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and nor a wave shall trouble thee,
water, rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and nor a wave shall trouble thee,
nor Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the
Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the
O do not fear to put thy feet naked in the River sweet, think not Neat, nor Leech,
A. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Do not fear to put thy feet naked in the Ri-ver sweet, think not Neat, nor Leech, nor
Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the waters
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rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and nor a wave shall trouble thee,

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.

Do not fear to put thy feet naked in the Ri-ver sweet, think not Neat, nor Leech,
N the merry month of May, on a morn by break of day, forth I walkt the Wood
so wide, when as *May* was in her pride, there I spy'd all alone all alone *Philida* and *Cupidon*,
Much adoe there was, God wot,
He did love, but she could not;
He said his love was to woo,
She said none was fit to you;
He said, he had lov'd her long,
She said, love should take no wrong,
Cupidon would have kill'd her then,
She said, Maids must kisse no Men,
Till they kisse for good and all;
Then the bad the Shepherd call
All the Gods to witness truth,
Ne'er was loved so fair a youth,
Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth,
Such as silly Shepherds use,
When they would not love abuse;
Love which had been long detested,
Was with kisses sweet concluded,
And *Philida* with *Garlands gay*
Was Crowned the Lady *May*.

wide, when as *May* was in her pride I spy'd all alone all alone *Philida* and *Cupidon*,
N the merry month of May, on a morn by break of day, forth I walkt the Wood so
wide, when as *May* was in her pride, there I spy'd all alone all alone *Philida* and *Cupidon*,

In the merry month of May, on a morn by break of day, forth I walkt the Wood so
wide, when as *May* was in her pride, there I spy'd all alone all alone *Philida* and *Cupidon*,

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Lawes.



My Clarissa thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air;
Fresher than Flow'r's in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

When first I saw thee, I felt a flame,
Which from thine Eyes like lightning came;
Sure it was Cupid's Dart,
It pierc'd quite through my heart;
Oh, could thy breast once feel the same!

A wound so powerfull would urge thy soule,
Sight of a froward heart, coyres controule;
And make thy love as fitt
As is the heart thou prick'st,
Forcing thee with me to condole.

Let not such Fortune my Love betide;
Oh, let your rocky breast be mollifid!
Send me not to my Grave
Unpitied like a slave;
How can love such usage abide?

Sympathize with me a while in grief,
This passion quickly will find out relief;
Cupid will from his Bowes
Warm these chill hearts of ours,
And make his power rule there in chief.

Then would the God of Love equall bee,
Giving me ease, as by wounding thee;
Then would you never feare,
When like to me you burde;
At least not prove unkind to mee.

Then flow'res in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.
My Clarissa thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air; Fresher
than flow'r's in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

Cantus Secondus.

M. A. V.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



My Clarissa thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air; Fresher
than flow'r's in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Lawes.



Aber your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying;
And that same Flow'r that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his race be run;
And nearer he's to setting.

That Age is best that is the first,
While youth and blood are warmer;
Expect not the last and worst,
Time will succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
While you may go marry,
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

that smiles to day to morrow will be dying.

Aber your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying; And that same Flow'r that
smiles to day to morrow will be dying.



Cantus Secondus.

A. 3. Voc.



Bassus.

Aber your Rose buds while you may, old Time is still a flying; And the same Flow'r that
smiles to day to morrow will be dying.

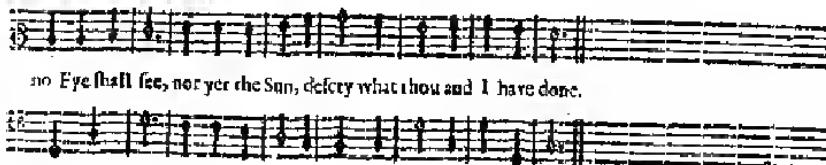
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two had,

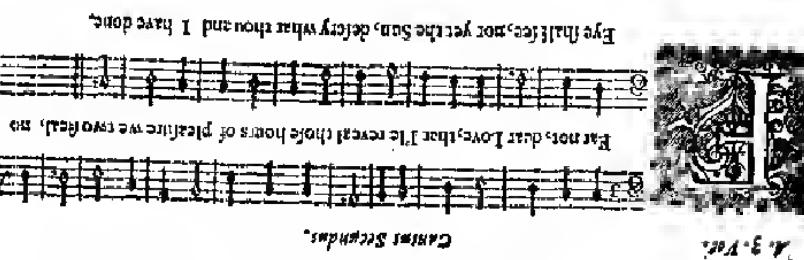


no Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, defory what thou and I have done.

No ear shall hear our Love, but we
As silent as the night will be,
The God of Love himself, (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart.)

Shall never know that we can tell,
What sweets in thon embraces dwell;
This only means may find it out,
If when I die, Physicians doubt.

What caus'd my death, and then to view
Of all their judgments which was true;
Rip up my heart, O then I fear
The world will see thy picture there,

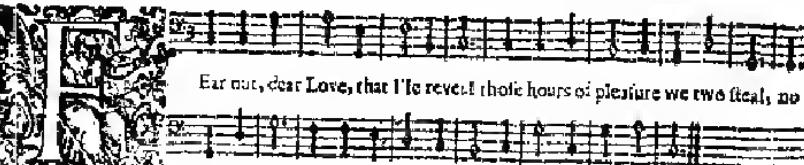


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two had, no

Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, defory what thou and I have done,

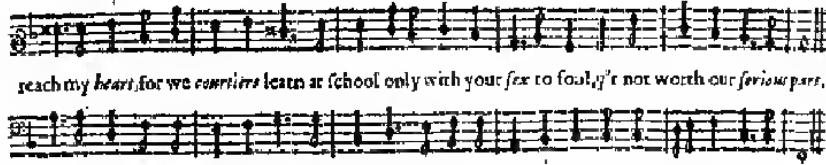
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Tompkins.



In young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear, yet you ne'r could



reach my heart, for we *couriers* learn at school only with your *fee* to fool, y't not worth our *serious* part,

When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Crossing nine Armes, and wonder stand,
Holding fairely with your eye;
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the Sun ne'r shou' such fires,
All is but a handiome lye.

When I eye your Circles or Lace,
Gentle soul, you think your face
Straight some murder doth commit,
And your conscience doth begin
To be scrupulous of my sin,
When I court to shew my wic.

Wherefore, Madam, wear no cloud,
Not to check my flames grow proud,
For in foot I much do doubt,
Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath perfumes the Air,
And your cloaths that set you out.

Yet though truth hath this confess,
And I swear I love in joll,
Courteous soul, when next I court,
And protest an amorous flame
You I vow, in earnest am,
Bedlam, this is pretty sport.

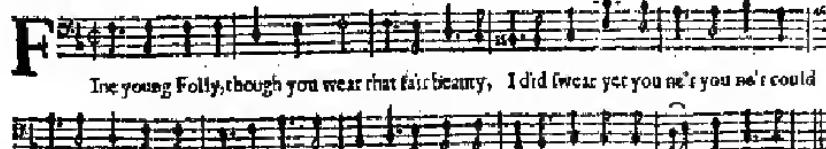


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



In young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r you ne'r could

reach my heart, for we *couriers* learn at school only with your *fee* to fool, y't not worth our *serious* part,

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Henry Lawes:



Ing fair Clorinda, fair Clorinda sing, whilst you move those that attend the
 throne, the throne above, to leave their holy busyness there; shall so much harmony attend to
 think the spheres were made in vain; Since here's a voyce quickens the floth of natures age; it comforts
 growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake,
 and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.

Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake,
 comforts growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke
 to think the flettes were made in vain; Since herc's a voyce quickens the floth of natures age; it
 to leave their holy busyness there; ill each with his obedient ear shall so much harmony attend to
 Ing fair Clorinda, sing sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above,
 A. 3. Voc. Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Ing fair Clorinda, sing sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above, to
 leave their holy busyness there; ill each with his obedient ear shall so much harmony attend to
 think the spheres were made in vain; Since here's a voyce quickens the floth of natures age, it
 comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly and can provoke a Lilly, and
 can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.

A. 3. Voc.

Cactus Primus.

Mr. John Cobb,



Muchs are good Fellows, good Fellows, they Blow the Bellows, they Blow the

A musical score for 'The Iron's Houghbough' featuring two staves of music with corresponding lyrics. The lyrics are: 'Bellows, they Blow the Fellows while the Iron's houghbough there gains be small, Thy pot and'.

A musical score for 'The Hammers' Call' featuring a single melodic line on a staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a tempo of 120 BPM. The lyrics are: 'my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.'

A musical score for 'Winton' featuring two staves. The top staff is in common time and consists of a single line of music with various note heads and rests. The bottom staff is in common time and contains lyrics in English and Latin. The lyrics are: 'I stand fast with a Winton: Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot, come thy pot, sure'. The Latin part of the lyrics is 'I stand fast with a Winton: Tua cibaria et mea cibaria, tibi cibaria et mihi cibaria, tibi cibaria, certe'.



• 20. 4. 1973.

Cartes secondes.

A. 3. 1905.

Bass.



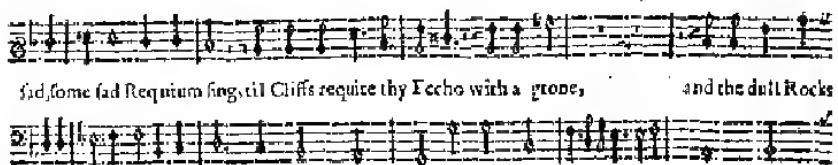
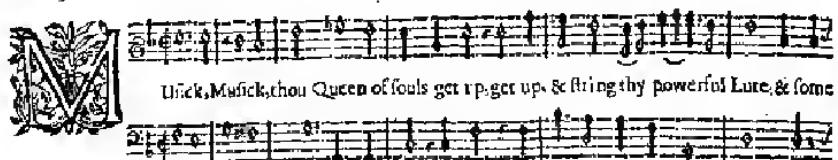
Muchs are good Fellows, good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows,

A musical score for 'The White Horses' featuring two staves of music with lyrics. The lyrics are: 'they blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small, Thy pot, and my pot, come by pot, come the pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow is the white'.

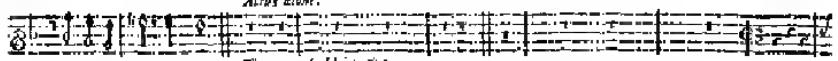
A musical score for a three-part setting. The top part is a soprano line with lyrics: 'Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winion.' The middle part is an alto line. The bottom part is a bass line. The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords.

A. 3. Voc.

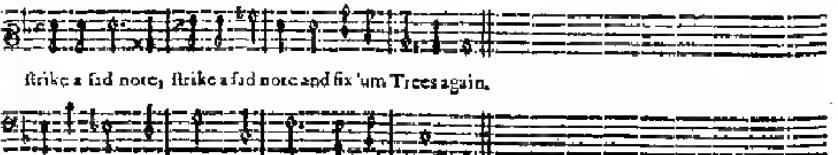
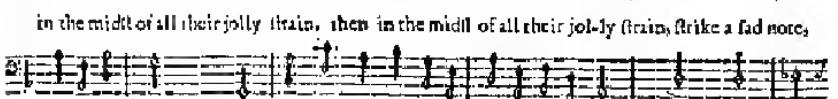
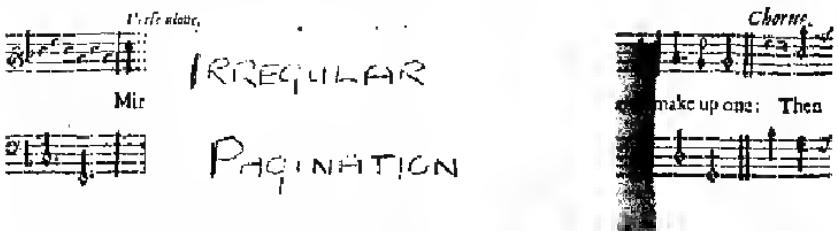
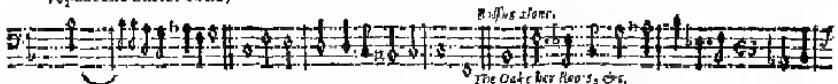
Cantus Primus. Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.



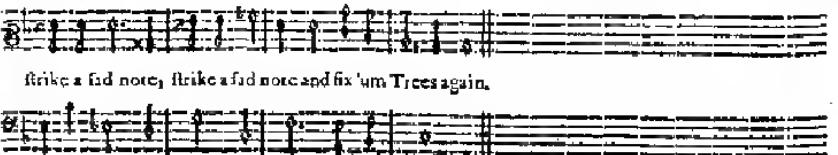
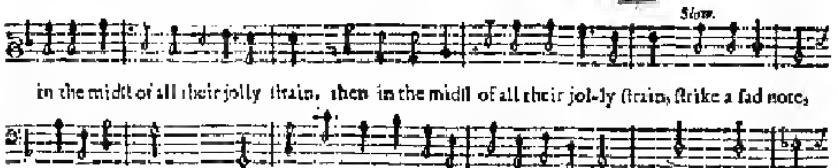
Alles alone.



repeat the duller tone,

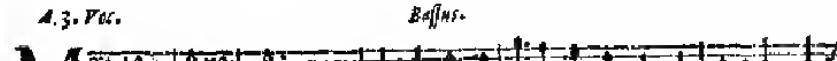
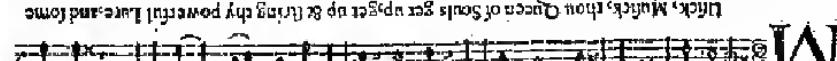
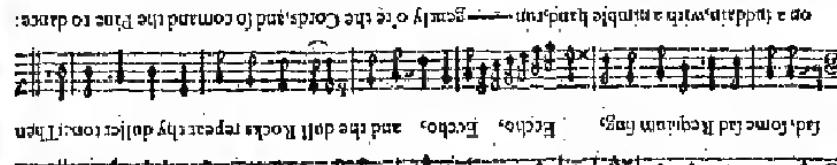
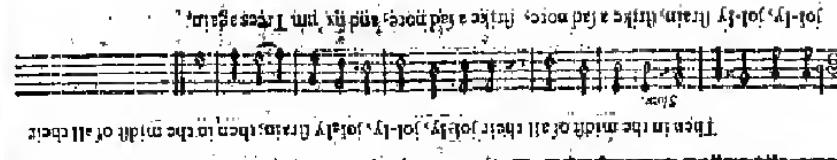


strike a sad note, strike a sad note and fix 'em Trees again.

REGULAR
PHRASATION

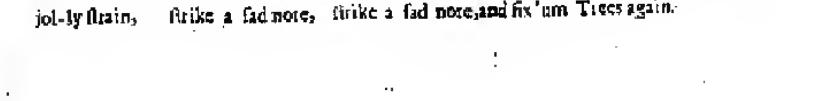
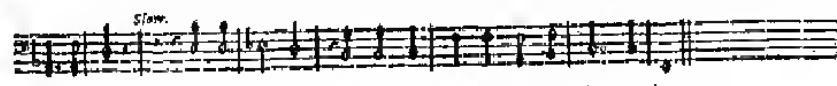
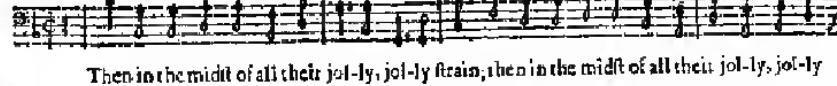
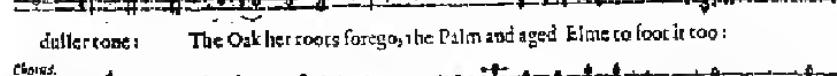
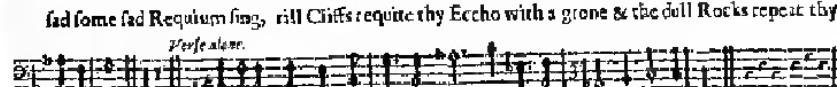
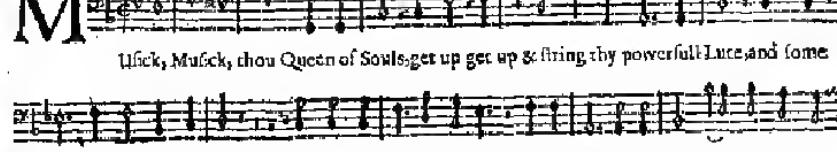
strike a sad note, strike a sad note and fix 'em Trees again.

A. 3. Voc.



A. 3. Voc.

Basses.



jolly strain, strike a sad note, strike a sad note, and fix 'em Trees again.

A. 2. Foc.

Cantus Primus. Mr. William Smegergill alias Cæsar.



Wick, Musick, thou Queen of souls get i p, get up, & string thy powerful Lute, & some

After a few

Treatise on a fuddair. 5

repeat the dinner song,

Emissions

The State for Man's End

Tenor alone. *Chorus.*

Mistletoe shall caper, lofty Cedars run & call the courtly palmetto make up one: Then

A musical score for 'The Jolly Train' featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in A major. The lyrics 'in the midst of all their jolly strain, then in the midst of all their jolly strain, strike a sad note,' are written below the staves. The word 'Sigh.' is written above the top staff.

Strike a sad note, Strike a sad note and fix 'em Trees again.

卷之三

A musical score for 'Thee in Thee' featuring a soprano vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line consists of a single melodic line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a harmonic progression with sustained notes and chords. The score is set on a five-line staff with a common time signature.

A musical score page for 'The Cardboard King' by Gentry. The page features a title at the top, followed by a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music is arranged in two systems of four staves each. The first system consists of staves 1 through 4, and the second system consists of staves 5 through 8. The vocal line is in the top staff of each system, with piano accompaniment in the other staves. The vocal line includes lyrics such as 'up a ladder with a simple ladder', 'Gentry of the Cards', and 'I command the Pine to dance'.

lead, some lead Requium Mass, *Ecclesiis*, *Ecclesiis*, and the dull Rocker repeats the rhythmic figures of the *Requiem*.

Lefts, Middle, then Ocean of Souls get up get up as strong as powerful like a lion

A musical score page showing a vocal line on a five-line staff. The lyrics 'Aldous' are written twice in a cursive font below the staff. The page number 'A. 3. Arie' is at the top right.

A. J. VOL.

A. J. VOL. Baffus.

A musical score for a single melodic line. The title 'Wick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls' is written in a large, decorative, Gothic-style font above the staff. The staff consists of five horizontal lines with vertical stems extending upwards from the second, fourth, and fifth lines. The music is in common time, indicated by a 'C' at the beginning of the staff. The notes are represented by short vertical dashes of varying lengths, with some dashes having small 'x' marks through them. The notes are distributed across the three stems, with some notes on the first stem and others on the second and third stems. The music continues for several measures, with the notes becoming smaller and more numerous as the piece progresses.

A page from a musical score for 'Requiem' by Brahms. The page is numbered 10. It features a vocal line with lyrics in English and German, and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line consists of a soprano part with a melodic line and a basso continuo part with harmonic support. The piano accompaniment is in the basso continuo style, providing harmonic and rhythmic support. The score is written on a five-line staff with various musical markings and dynamics.

duller tone: The Oak her robes forego, the Palm and aged Elm to foot it too:

Then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain, then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly

A musical score for a piano or voice. The top line is a treble clef staff with a 'Slow' tempo instruction above it. The bottom line is a bass clef staff. The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords. The lyrics 'Slowly, slowly, slowly, strike a fiddle now and fix 'em, Trees again,' are written below the notes.

A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Jenkins.



Be, see, see the bright, Light faire, and day doth rise; shot from my Mistis
 Eyes, like Beams divine her Glory doth appear, and view the pure light, Stream from her Sight
 Stream from her Sight, when the shines clearly here; But vail her Ieeds; Ah then you'll find how night is
 blind about the silent world, and we left blind; that darkness seems to prove, / or ought we see 'tis only
 She make night and day to move; Then shope fair Celia left our borrowed light, when your Sun sets.
 when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets, perish, perish, perish in shades of Night.

A. 2. Voc.

Baffus.

Mr. Jenkins.

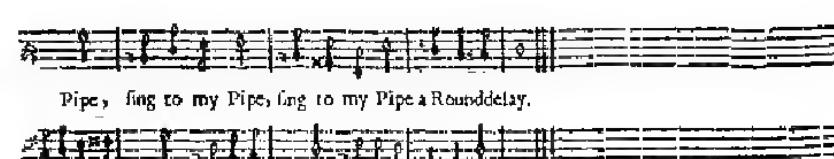
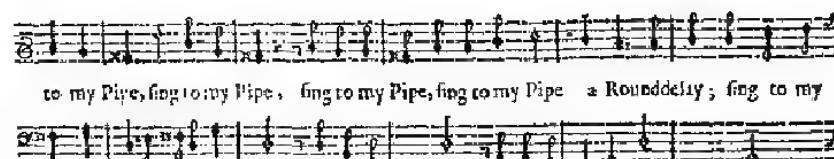
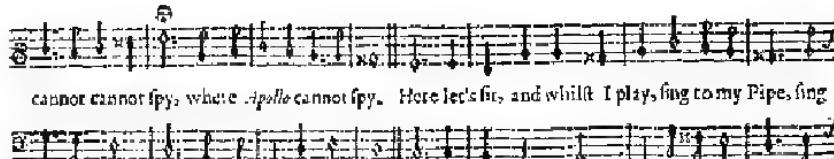
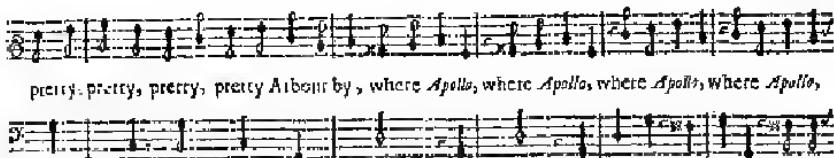
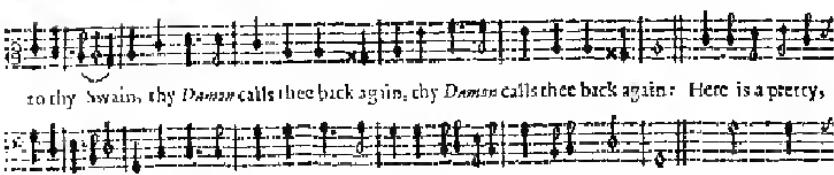


Be, see the bright, bright Light shine, and day doth rise; shot from my
 Mistis Eyes, like Beams divine her Glories doth appear; and view the pure light Stream
 from her Sight, whilest she shines clearly here: But vail her Ieeds: Ah then you'll find how
 Night is blind about the silent World, and we left blind; that Darkness seems to prove, for
 ought we see, 'tis only She makes Night and Day to move, Then Shine fair Celia, left our
 borrow'd Light, when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets; Perish, perish,
 perish in shades of Night.

4.2. *Electro-*

Cantus Primus.

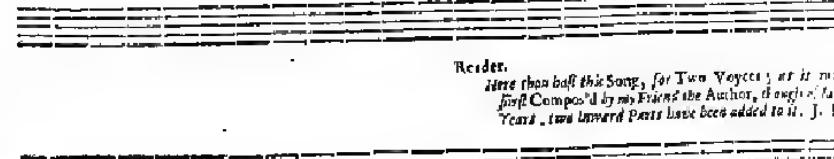
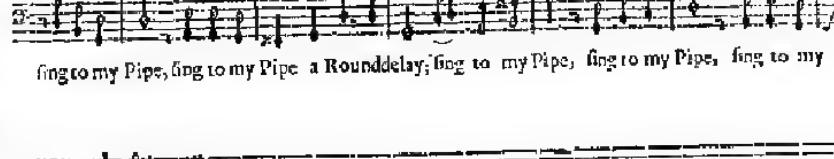
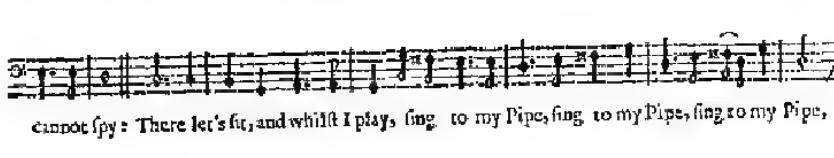
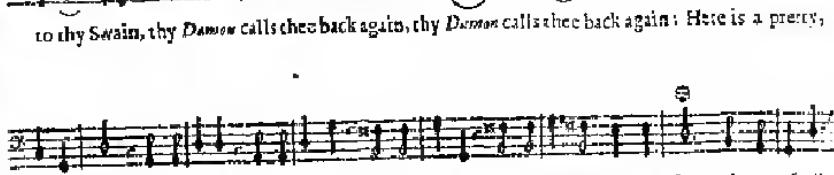
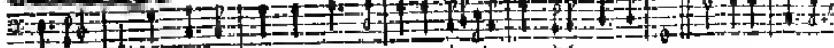
Mr. Tho. Brewer,



A. 2. Voc.

Baffins.

Mr. Thos. Brewer.



Reader.
More than half this Song, for Two Voices ; *as it was
first Compos'd by my Friend the Author, thought of late
Years, two Inward Parts have been added to it.* J. P.

A. 3. Ver.

Cantus Priores.

Mr. Simon Ewer.



Ow we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half hour, with mirth and
glee : To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellyes full.

To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellyes full.

NOW we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour with mirth and glee :



A. 3. Ver.

Bassus.



Ow we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour with mirth and glee :
To recreate our Spirits dull, let's lau·gh and sing our Bellyes full.

In praise of MUSICK.

Musick miraculous *Rhetorick* ! that speak'st Sence
Without a Tongue, excellent Eloquence:
The love of thee in wild Beasts have been known,
And Birds have lik'd thy Notes above their own.

How easie might thy Errors be excus'd,
Wert thou as much beloved, as th'art abus'd ;
Yet although dull Souls thy Harmony disprove,
Mine shall be fixt in what the Angels love.

FINIS.

W. D. Knight.

SELECT

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